

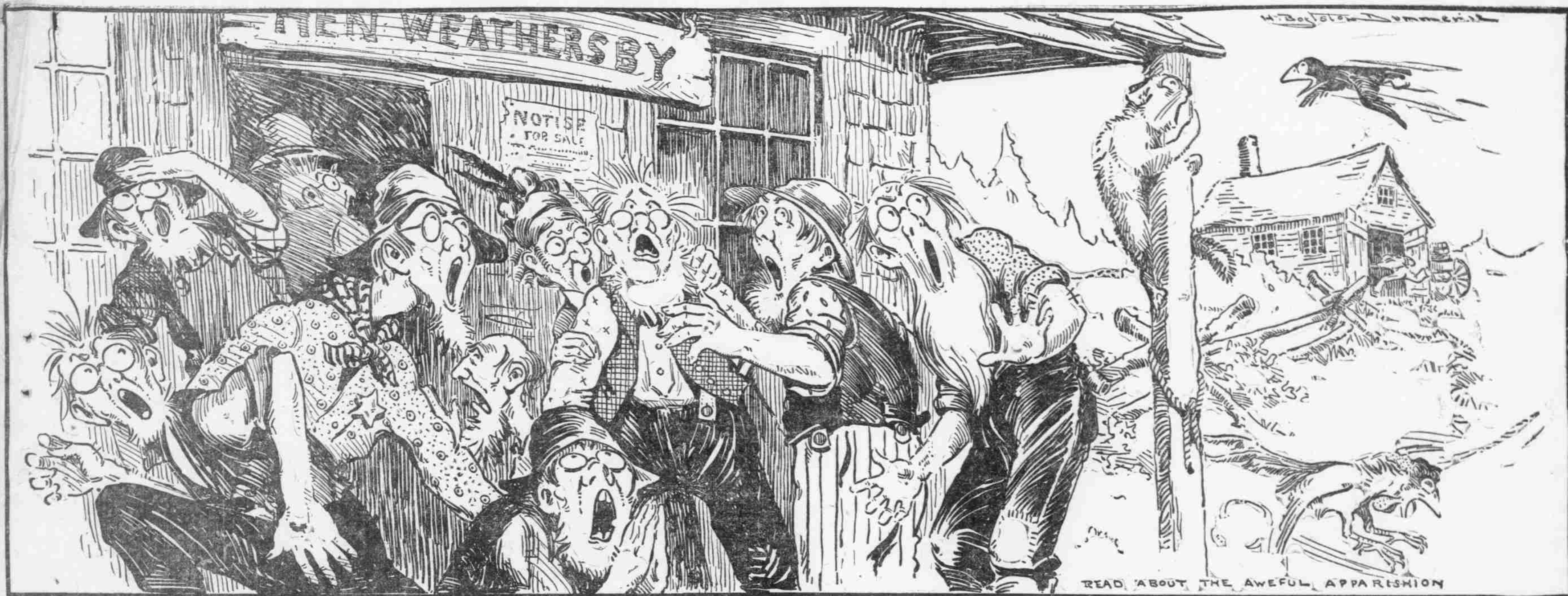
ADVERTISE IN THE BUGLE
 Have you got anythink to sell or swap? Do you want to buy anythink? THEN TRY A AD WITH US. Biggest and only newspaper in this end of the Co.
 Advertising rates furnished with great cheer. Circulation books open to nobuddy. YOU'LL HAFT TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT

BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWBARK

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DON'T BE A TIDEWAD ! !
 Pay up your back subscription to the Bugle & thus fill a long-felt want on our part. We Can't Run a First Class Newspaper on Hot Air and Cold Potatoes.
 P. S.—If we are not in leave the money with our wife next door.



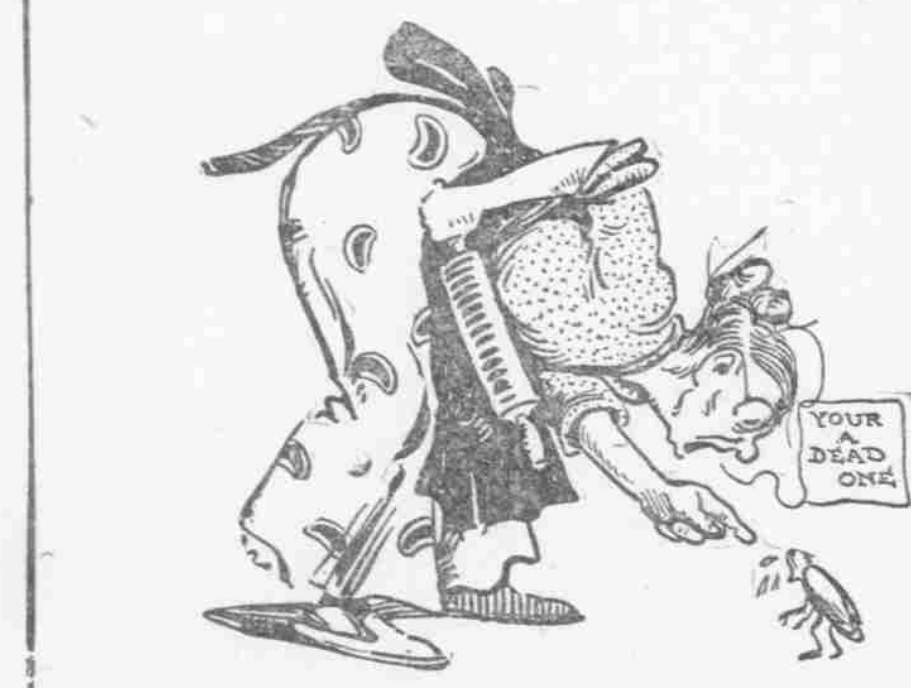
READ ABOUT THE AWFUL APPARISHION



LAFE WHITTACRE GOT STUNG BY A HORNET ON THE 9TH INST. WHILE PASSING THROUGH HIS ORCHARD.



ISRAEL GOOKINS WHILE CARRYING A BIG CAKE OF ICE, FELL AND SKIN HIS KNUCKLES ALL UP



MRS. JERIME HOFF DISCOVERED A BEDBUG IN ONE OF HER BED ROOMS ONE DAY RECENT

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE
 The Leading Paper of the County
 Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling

Now doth the busy little bee
 Improve each shining hour
 By gathering honey all the day
 From every opening flower.

The cheapest advertising medium in the County. If you believe in advertising come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

EDDYTORIUL

Here we be right in the heart of dog days agin!

We persoon we voice the general opinyun of 100 per cent of our readers when we say that dog days is the most disagreeablest & uncomfortablest porshion of the year which Bingvilleites has got to pass through, and goodness knows everybuddy in these neck of woods will be turrible glad when they are over and past & went, as you might say, not to come agin into our midst until after the lapse of another yr., and all we wish is that it would be several yrs. instid of only one.

What was dog days ever made for? we ask. We pause for a reply, but there is no anser, becuz nobuddy knows what they was made for except jest to make folks cuss and try the pore weak spirit of man almost to the busting pint. That's what they was made for in our opinyun.

This is the time of yr. that a green skum gathers on the surface of the worter in bogs and ponds that almost makes a person sick to look at it's that slimy and messy and mucky and unappetizing.

Not only that, but in dog days the woodwork in a house swells & expands, as you might say, so that doors that shet during the winter won't shet now at all, neither will buro drawers. They stick tighter than wax when they be shet, and when you git em open why then you can't shet em agin.

Only last Sunday Miss Amelia Tucker, our raining sossiety queen, had a turrible disagreeable experiens which fussed her up a good eal and prevented her from going to services at the Bingville church and there worshipping according to the dictates of her own conschients. When Amelia went to dress for church she made up her mind that she would wear a nise white lawn dress, being as it was quite a sultry day, which aforesaid dress was in the buro drawer. Well, Amelia tried to git the buro drawer open, but it wouldn't come the first pull, so Amelia tuk a better holt and braced herself and pulled for all she was wuth, and all to wunct both knobs of the buro drawer come off in her hands and she fell backwards over a cheer and tumbled to the floor, hitting

her head a turrible wallop on the bedstead which made it ake her fearful for the rest of the day.

After Amelia had went and puled the handles off the buro drawer, why then there wassent no chanst of opening the drawer at all, so she give it up in deep disgust and set down on the bed and cried she was that mad, and instid of going to church she put on a kimoner and lounged around the house and read novels all day. Amelia says she ain't wore that lawn dress only onct, being as it is almost new, and now she calkilates she won't git a chanst to wear it until by next winter when the drawer looses up and by that time it will be too cold to wear it, so that she probably won't wear it until next summer and maybe not then, being as Amelia has been fleshing up quite a good eal lately, and she fears that by next summer she will be too fat to wear it. Sich is fate.

Also this is the time of yr. that dogs is said to go mad and bite folks, so it might be a good idee to keep a sharp eye on your dog if you've got one, and if you ain't, why then keep a sharp eye on somebuddy's elses dog, for there's no tellin when he may sink the fangs of his teeth into the calf of your leg or somers else.

Locals

Eph Higgins, our enterprising P. M., sold five 2 ct. stamps to Simon Henderson one day recent. There has been considerable spekulashion in Bingville as to what Sime wants with so many stamps to one time. Perhaps you have a girl somewheres who you are writing to Sime, have you?

Dave White, our popular undertaker, is making considerable money this summer by working out doing odd jobs for enny person who has work to do. Dave says this pays better than his reglar bizness, especially sinst everybuddy hereabouts seems to keep in sich good health.

Brad Hinsley's cow give berth to a calf last wk. Mother and calf doing well, but just at present Brad has a bad cold in his head.

Lem Quigly paid us 25 cts. on subscription recent and later we discuvered he give us a Canadian quarter, which is worth only 20 cts. hereabouts. As a result we will give Lem credit for only 20 cts. worth of subscription and endeavor to pass the quarter for 25 cts. on somebuddy else.

Country Correspondence

SORROW HOLLOW

Israel Gookins, while carrying a big cake of ice from his ice house to the house last Sunday to make ice cream with fell and skun his knuckles all up. Iz says he was a blamed fool to try to hold on to the ice when he felt hisself falling. He says if he had of let go all holt he wouldn't of skun up his knuckles.

We could write some more items from this place but we are too busy at present.

UNO.

AWFUL APPARISHION!

Bingville Folks Scart Outen Their Wits by a Horrible Feenomym-nun Which Appears in the Sky!—Thort the World Was Coming to a End!—But It Did-ent & Aint Yet!—Full Partick-lers Give Below Concerning This Mixterious Visitashion!

Last Tuesday afternoon for a few minnits only everybuddy in Bingville who has enny sents at all (which don't inclood Bud Hincley, who ain't quite right in his head) thort that their end had came, being as we was visited by somethink the like of which has never been saw before in the histry of the town, and we hope won't be agin to the end of time. Never will the residents of Bingville forgit this experients, which will flourish in their memories like a green bay tree as long as they live.

It happend Tuesday p. m., a few minnits after 3 o'clock (by Cy Hoskins watch, which is probably more correcter than most of the clocks in Bingville) while Bingville was dozin away the afternoon, as you might say. It was turrible hot that afternoon and most folks had knocked off work for the rest of the day and had took up their abode in the shade in a effort to keep cool if possible, or if not possible, to keep as cool as they could.

Down on the front piazzer of Hen Weathersby's store was Hen hisself and Ab Skinner and Hank Dewberry and Seth Dewberry, our lion-hearted town constubible, and Ame Hillyer, our loryer & leggal lite, and others too numerous to mentchion. Ame was talkin about runnin for State sennytor from this district and sayin if he was elected he calkilatd he would show them pollytishians down to Washington, D. C., a few things about how the guvverment ort to be run, but there was nobuddy heard him but Hen, prop. of the store, becuz Hen was the only one who haddent went to sleep, and the reason Hen diddnt go to sleep was becuz he was afearid if he did that somebuddy present (not mentchioning no names) might slip into the store and help hisself to a seegar or a dried herring or a cracker or somethink.

Suddenly there was a far away chattering noise fell on the ears of Hen and Ame which they couldn't seem to make out where it come from.

"What in tarnashion is thet noise?" says Ame lookin around.
 "Switched ef I know," says Hen.
 "Pears like it comes from somers over-head, don't it?"

While they was wondering what it might be the noise growd louder and louder. It sounded jest like one fire-cracker after another goin off and woked up all the rest of the fellers on the piazzer. All to onct Ame jump't to his feet as pale as deth and pointin his finger at the sky hollers, "What in time is thet, a bird or the d—?" Everybuddy looked tords where Ame pointed, and there away up in the air above Bingville, but approachin at turrible speed was a somethink that looked like a bird as big as a house swoopin right down on the town. All the time the turrible noise become louder.

Consternashion rained soopreme! Hen rushed into the store and hid under the counter expectin every next minnit to be his last. Ab Skinner almost fainted away he was that scart. Hank Dewberry tried to pray, but Hank ain't had much practise in this line and the words stuck in his throat. Ame he started for home as fast as he could run, while Seth Dewberry tore off his constubible badge and throwed it away along with his pistol, calkilatin he would have no more use for same, and jined Hank in prayer.

Things was jest as bad everywhere else in Bingville. Them as lived clost to Rev. Sam'l Moore, our beluvved pastor of the Bingville church, rushed into his house pell-mell and fell on their knees and desired him to pray for them. Old Dad Henderson, who is deaf as a post and can't hear thunder set on his front piazzer reading a newspaper and was probably the only person in Bingville who diddnt know nothing about the commoshion, so he jest set there in his ignorunts and thus escaped the skeer of his life.

Bill Hepburn, our artistick black-smith, was working at his forge at the time and had stopped to take a drink of licker. Jest as he was about to put the jug to his lips he heard the noise and waited to the door with the jug still in his hand, and when he seen that turrible thing in the air Bill dasht the jug to earth and busted it while nearly a half gal of good licker run to waste, and Bill tuk a sollum oath that he wouldn't drink another drop as long as he lived.

By this time the apparishion was right over the publick square and about 500 feet in the air we calkilate. It diddnt stop but went right on in a straight line and in a few minnits disappeared to the south tords the co. seat.

Some of our most respected citizens & citizenesses was so prostrated with skeer that they had to go to bed and ever sinst the occurence Bingville has been a changed town becuz there is no tellin when the thing will come back. Rev. Moore says he calkilates it was a token sent by Providence to warn the folks of Bingville agin their sins, and that in his opinion it was a good thing, being as sinst then he has noticed that the morals of Bingville is better than he ever knowd em and that folks hereabouts is living better & nobuller lives.

LATER INFORMASHION—Jest as we go to press Sime Gookins has returned from the co. seat with the informashion that what passed over our midst last Tuesday p. m. was a airship with a man in it and that the airship come to earth at the co. seat and the man in it filled up his airship tank with some gasolene there and then perceeded on to the city, but which city we did not learn. Sinst this informashion arrived Bingville has resumed the even tenner of her way. Everybuddy has stopped prayin and Bill Hepburn says he was a fool to wasted all that good licker in sich haste, being as he has been repenting at leisure ever sinst. Seth Dewberry, our lion-hearted town constubible, says the next airship he sees he'll take a crack at with his pistol and see if he can't break a wing or some-think.

Personals

Furty muggy spell of weather we are having at present.

Pumpkins is reported to be ripensin fast in some districkts. Won't be long until we have pumpkin pie in our midst we hope.

Hi Cranby says there is going to be a turrible big crop of chestnuts this fall. This is cheerin news, Hi.

Lafe Whittacre got stung by a hornet on the 9th inst. while passing through his orchard to see how his apple crop was coming on.

Miss Sary Ann Whittacre is visitin her cousin, Mary Jane Smith, at the co. seat. Sary Ann writes home that she is having a awful nise time. Sary Ann vissits to co. seat at least onct a yr.

Shorty Andrews run a ole rusty nail into his foot while swimmin in Snake Crick tother afternoon. Shorty puled the nail outen his foot but the hole remains.

Mrs. Lige Green had her ole brindle cow to go and step right on her foot while milking same tother evg. As a result Mrs. Lige has had to wear nothing but a carpet slipper in the injured foot ever sinst. Why will cows go and step on peoples feet in this manner?

Mrs. Jerushy Perkins has our heart-felt thanks for a nise mess of beet greens which she give our wife one day recent. May heaven bless you for them greens Jerushy. They was turrible good and we et hearty.

HEY THERE

Do you Want some haY?

I find I have more hay on hands this yr than I know what to do with. My haylofts in the barn is all staffed full of hay and I can't git no more in and in spite of that I have several tons of hay left over so I have decided to sell this hay very reasonable to whoever desires hay. If you need hay this is the time and chanst to git it turrible cheep often me. Hay is awful handy to have in winter when feed is skeerce. Take time by the forelock and buy this hay now, then when next winter comes and you ain't got nothink else to feed your stock on you will be glad you have it. I will charge you nothing more for this hay than the market price, whatever that is, you to haul the hay from where it is stacked and pnt it into your barn yourself. If this was next winter you would haft to pay me more for this hay, but being as it ain't you won't.

Yours for hay,

Bingville. SIM WILSON